

YOUNG man with that sharply cut mouth and that air of being ready for any emergency, which distinguishes the British sailor, stood by the glass doors, looking down the length of the fumoir of the Hotel Beau Rivage at La Severie. He had come out for that rare thing to those who serve his Majesty affoat, three weeks' leave of absence, and as he surveyed the scene before him, and listened to the chatter of men and women in many and varied tongues, and then let his eyes rove through the line of great windows toward the blue lake and the snow-capped mountains, he indulged in the pious hope that the Admiralty would not try on any of its usual tricks and bid him rejoin before his portmanteau was well unpacked. YOUNG man with that sharply cut mouth and

well unpacked.

As Bobby stood there a girl came up and called him by name. It was his cousin, Alice Coombes.

"That is right," he commented genially, but enthusiastically, "proper walking kit that."

"If you are ready," she answered, buttoning a dog-skin glove.

All at once Robby laid his band on her same.

All at once Bobby laid his hand on her arm.
"I say, who is that?" he demanded.
Miss Coombes looked down the length of the cor-

"Whom do you mean?" she returned.
"Why," retorted Bobby, as if there could be but one object of his inquries, "that girl there. She walks

queen.

Miss Coombes drew down the corners of her lips and showed no disposition to answer hastily.

"You must know her name," Bobbie hurried on.

"Yes," answered his cousin, in a cool, neat voice; "of course I do. She is Madamoiselle de Bardki. She says she is Russian. Do you think her so very goodlooking. Lots of men do. But I am not sure myself that she is quite nice."

Bobby wheeled round and stared at his informat.

looking. Lots of men do. But I am not sure myself that she is quite nice."

Bobby wheeled round and stared at his informant. He had come out, nominally, to pay his uncle and guardian a visit,—in reality to see Alice. There had always been an impression that one day he and she would marry, and Bobby, if he had not given the notion much thought, had, at least, not combated it. Now, as he looked down at the short, generously-developed figure which the walking skirt, the thick boots, and a hat and coat designed strictly for use did nothing to render graceful, it suddenly occurred to him how differently women wore frocks.

While these reflections were upsetting the even tenor of Licutenant Bellew's mind, Mademoiselle de Bardki passed and nodded to Alice.

"You know her?" gasped Bobby. Touching Alice sharply on the arm, "Introduce me, somehow."

Miss Coombes went up to the tall Russian girl.

"My cousin, Mr. Bellew, wants to know you," she said. "May I introduce him?"

There was that in the tone which seemed to Bobby

There was that in the tone which seemed to Bobby to invite a refusal. He told himself that he had not known that Alice's voice could be so disagreeable. How pale and washed-out her blue eyes looked before the lights and shades in Mademoiselle de Bardki's brown

You are an English officer?" questioned the Russian.
"A saitor," explained Bobby.

"Ah, so!" murmured mademoiselle, and she looked him attentively. "I think," she said, "we shall be

Au revoir, monsieur friends. smiled at him as Bobby reluctantly opened the

door for her.

Two weeks out of Bobby's three had barely elapsed when Alice Coombes brought up an old man with a thin-waisted figure, a white imperial, and a well-pre-

bby," she explained, "Monsieur de Portales knew ur father. My cousin, Mr. Bellew, the Chevalier You knew my father, sir?" began Bobby,

"I knew Bobby Bellew of the Enchantress," re-turned the chevalier, with only the slightest accent, turned the chevalier, with only the singhtest accent, to distinguish his English from that of a native. "He and I were chums together before Sebastopol. So you are Bobby's son—Bobby the Second? We will sit down and drink coffee"—he hailed a waiter. "Bene-

sit down and drink coffee"—he hailed a waiter, "Benedictine or cognac?" he concluded.

"I am afraid," he answered, "that I cannot stay now. Mademoiselle de Bardki has promised to let me row her on the lake. But some other time, if I may, I should like to hear you talk about my father."

"Ah, youth, youth!" laughed the chevalier. "It is so good to be young. So you take mademoiselle on the lake! A Deux! It is the custom here, I know, a custom we owe to the invasion of you English. astom we owe to the invasion of you English, 1,"-and the old man looked at the tall, straight Well,"—and the old man looked at the tall, straight figure before him—"I should have done the same at your age, and I should have selected Mademoiselle de Bardki. One promenades with Mademoiselle de Bardki, but one marries one's self with—I am an old man, and therefore I may be permitted—but one marries one's self with Mademoiselle Alice, shall we say?"

Bobby threw up his head and squared his shoulders.
The old Frenchman rose, slipped his hand on to the sturdy arm.

sturdy arm.

My boy," he said softly, "I am an old man, and was your father's friend."

But,"—— stammered Bobby, mollified, in spite of

"There!" interrupted the chevalier, "it is good to see that you can be generous to a meddling old man."

And before Bobby quite realized what he was deing, he was responding to the grasp of a thin, blue-

veined hand. The lake was at its best, and that means that it was one of the most glorious sights of nature in Eu-rope, and as Bobby contemplated the face opposite him he decided to dismiss the chevalier's words from

his mind.
"That," said the girl, when they came close to a

"That, said the girl, when they came close to a tiny island, with a single tree rising upon it, "that is Byron's Island. It was there that your poet used to come and think of his beautiful verses."

Suddenly he shipped his oars.

"Mademoiselle," he began, and he bent toward her, "do you know that I love you?"

The girl drapped the tiller ropes and looked at him.

The girl dropped the tiller ropes and looked at him as if his words terrified her.
"But," she faltered, "it is your cousin, Mademoiselle Alice, with whom your parents agreed that you must

"Who told you that?"
The girl opened her lips,—hesitated. It shot through Bobby's mind that it must have been Alice herself.
"No," he answered firmly, "there may have been an idea of that kind between her father and my mother,

ut we English do not marry to order."

Again, the dark eyes facing him looked oddly at im, and again a word was suppressed before it came

"Marsha!" besought Bobby, and he lingered over the Russian name as he used it for the first time, "I love you. Will you marry me?"

Mademoiselle de Bardki's pale face grew ashy white,

large eyes darkened as if with pain.

Ionsieur," she answered, "I did not know-I did not guess. I would not give you pain."
"What do you mean?" demanded Bobby, his upper

can never be your wife. I can never be any one's she answered. It was on the morning of the fancy dress ball that the news came of a fresh attempt on the life of the Czar of Russia. The story sent a thrill of dismay even through the pleasure-loving community of La "Can nothing be done?" demanded Bobby of the

The old man looked at the boy a moment before

he answered.

he answered.

"You must change Russia root and branch before you can judge men and circumstances."

"It is the Czar I pity," went on Bobby. "Poor begar! hell pay the price, whatever may be the end of "Yes," answered the Frenchman, "I should say that in the end it will be Nicholas II. who will pay the

price."
"I am going to get out of this tomorrow," said Bobby

"Tired of us?" inquired the chevalier.

"Work is the best thing for me," the boy answered, he got up and walked off. The old man looked after him with a very understanding smile.

standing smile.
"So," he concluded, "she has refused him But that will not make the English girl less jealous. And when women are jealous their wits desert them. They will believe exactly what they are told."

"Ah, mademoiselle," he rose and bowed gallantly as Alice Coombes passed by. "Will you honor an old man, mademoiselle?"

He pulled up one of the gay basket chairs. It was painted a pinky purple and Alice had on a red blouse, but a trifle like that did not disturb Miss Coombes.

As they came to the long.

Miss Coombes spoke again.

"Bobby," she said, "I am sure you ought to know, it is about Mademoiselle de Bardki."

"What about her?" demanded the young man

"It is very strange," she answered, "I don't want to think ill of people but I saw her go into the chevalier's room by the window. It is that one there," and she indicated the first of a line of private apartments. "I know it because he pointed it out to me one day. I saw mademoiselle go in there—she had a key to open that gate, and she went in just as if it were a thing the way in the half of doing." she was in the habit of doing.

Bobby Bellew turned on his cousin.

"What were you doing to see all that?" he thundered.

"I slipped out here to look at the mountains, while they were dancing the cotillion. I was standing by that figure there, so I suppose mademoiselle did not notice."

"I know you are mistaken," he declared. "Mademoiselle de Bardki may not be in the ballroom, but I took her to the lift about a quarter of an hour ago. She had torn her dress."

She had torn her dress."

This time Alice laughed outright.

Bobby shut the door angrily on her and hurried down the terrace. He had a few minutes in which to act. He cast a glance at each plaster deity as he passed to make sure that no shadow concealed another spectator, vaulted the iron gate, and walked straight up to the long window of the Chevalier de Portales' room.

The blind was down, but the sash was not fastened. Bobby pushed it back. He caught a glimpse of a

As they came to the long shadow cast by a Minerva, liss Coombes spoke again.

"Bobby," she said, "I am sure you ought to know, it about Mademoiselle de Bardki."

"What about her?" demanded the young man harply.

"It is very strange," she answered, "I don't want to pink ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of people but I saw her go into the chevatorisk ill of p

The two set out together, took the track through the wood and followed it until they came opposite a rarely-used landing-stage. It was separated from the high road by vineyards which rose on terraces. Not until she was going down the length of planks did Marsha de Bardki see who was to row them. She stopped—half turned; Alice, behind her, walked

She stopped—haif turned; Anice, bening her, wanted steadily forward.

"Mademoiselle," apologized the Chevalier de Portales, for it was he who rose up in the boat, "I am but a sorry substitute, I am afraid, but our dear friend Monsieur Bellew, has asked me to row you out to the island. He has been detained—official papers I understand, but he will isin us for lunch."

island. He has been detained—official papers I under-stand—but he will join us for lunch."

Before she replied the girl's eye swept the land-scape. Not a creature was on the road; only a very old man was pruning the vines a few feet above their

heads.

"Get in, please, mademoiselle," the Frenchman suggested, "and, Mademoiselle Alice, will you steer?"

In another minute they were seated. Marsha's lips were pressed tightly together. The chevalier rowed a marvelous stroke for an old man. As the boat skimmed over the surface of the water its occupants were strangely silent. Once a steamer, plying from village to village along the lake, puffed past them. Mademoiselle de Bardki raised her hand. Alice put up her own hand and laid her firm fingers on those of the Russian.

"Don't," she said, sharply.

"The Frenchman leaned forward.

"I think, mademoiselle, you must not do that again," he remarked pleasantly.

They came to the island, the boat was fastened to a line in the wall; the chevaling still with entered he

ring in the wall; the chevalier, still with noticeable agility for threescore and ten, sprang out.

"We await our friend here," he announced, "Permit me, mademoiselle," and he offered his hand, "Now, mademoiselle, please," said the Frenchman,

As soon as Marsha found herself on the little square of land, she went to the low wall and looked

"The lake is very deep about here," a suave voice at her elbow observed.

She turned and faced the chevalier.

"What are you going to do with me?" she demanded.

"Ah! so you guessed. I am going to leave you here,"
Monsieur de Portales explained.

"Until when?"
"Until the messenger I am sending to them has got twelve hours' start, unless you—"
"Unless what?"

"Unless you renounce your own journey."
"And abandon my cause, my country, our father, the Czar?"

"Just so."

"Just so."
The girl looked haughtily at him.
"Of course I refuse," she said.
"Then I fear we must put you to the inconvenience of remaining here until to-merrow morning."
Marsha de Bardki turned abruptly to Miss Coombs.
"You are English," she cried, "and you English love your king and your country. I appeal to you. This man is not the Chevalier de Portales—he is Demitri Ivanoff, a noted nihilist. The last outrage was of his planning. He is about to send his accomplices back to Russia to make another attempt on the life of our Czar. If I had but found all the details of his plot last night I should have started at once for St. Petersburg. I failed. I trusted to have another chance, to be more successful. Instead he has lured me here, his minions are on their way to Russia, and tomorrow it may be too late. It—is you, an English girl, who helped to lead me into this trap. Now, when you know the truth, will you not help me instead of him?"

Alice Coombes smiled coldly.
"That is very clever, mademoiselle," she said, "but lid not help me in the line was the line way to Russia.

"That is very clever, mademoiselle," she said, "but I do not believe you. The chevalier heard you arrange last night to clope with my cousin. But his life, his future, his career shall not be ruined by such a woman as you. Bobby leaves to rejoin his ship towoman as you. Bobby leaves to rejoin his ship to-night. Until he is gone, until it is too late for you to go after him, we shall keep you out of the way."
"And," went on the chevalier, "we will make you as comfortable as we can, but we propose to bind you to that tree." to that tree.

looked toward the wind-swept tree. Now that it was inevitable, she accepted her fate with all the impassiveness of her race.
"You see," explained the chevalier, "if we left you the use of your hands, you might try to make signals

"When Bobby inquires," Alice assured her, "I will-say that you have been obliged to leave for Russia unexpectedly. 'You can trust me again until I can explain.' That will keep him quiet, will it not, madem-

Perhaps it was to avoid Alice Coombes, who had followed him with an irritating persistency all the afternoon, or perhaps it was that he might have peace to think over the additional bewilderment of Marsha's

think over the additional bewilderment of Marsha's flight that caused Bobby to wander down to the landing-stage. A row of gulls perched on the decaying rails were the only things that regarded him inquisitively; and the quiet was only broken by voices from the Cafe National, a tumbled-down wooden shanty close by the lake. Bobby indulged himself in the exhibitariting pastime of chucking stones into the water, until a flicker of white from the island attracted him. "It is!" muttered Bobby Bellew, "it is some one making a signal from the island."

Bobby looked but once again and then he leaped into a little boat moored before the wine shop.

Entirely unreasonable as the notion was, entirely at variance as it was with the message he had received, it came to him with a curious certainty that the signal was from Marsha; that it was made to him personally; that somehow, for some reason, she was on the island was from Marsha; that it was made to him personally; that somehow, for some reason, she was on the island and had need of him.

"You must row me down the lake," gasped Marsha, as soon as she could speak. "I knew you would come."

She lifted her eyes and just glanced into those of

the Englishman.
"I would go anywhere for you; you know that," answered Bobby.

swered Bobby.

Just one quiver disturbed the girl's face, then it became set with a great resolution.

"Listen," she went on as Bobby worked at the knots, "I must leave Switzerland to-night. I dare not take the train at La Severie; the station will be watched. Will you row me down the lake to one of the villages lower down?"

"Why must you go?" demanded Bobby.

"To avert an awful disaster; to prevent a hideous crime."

Who persuaded you to come here?" demanded

The Russian girl ignored the question. "Last night," The Russian girl ignored the question. "Last night," she went on, "you trusted me without explanation. Now I can tell you everything."

A blast of wind came slapping against the weatherbeaten tree. Bobby looked up apprehensively.

"You know." Marsha began again, "the unhappy condition of my country. A little band of patriots have

taken an oath to devote their lives to the protection of our lord and sovereign; to follow the revolutionaries from place to place, and daily, hourly, to keep watch on them; to risk life, wealth, ease, happiness watch on them; to risk life, wealth, ease, happiness—everything—to circumvent the nihilists. To nihilism we oppose the Society of the Holy Drujina. It was that society which sent me here to keep watch on the man you know as the Chevalier de Portales. His real name is Demitri Ivanoff. He is one of the most dangerous of the militant anarchists. It was he who planned the latest attempt on the life of the Czar, which, thanks to the vigilance of the Holy Drujina, miscarried. But a fresh attempt will be made next Sunday unless I can give warning to our society. It was to make sure of the date that you found me in Ivanoff's room last night. Whoever saw me doubtless gave him warning also. Who saw me?" she asked the last question sharply.

less gave him warning also. Who saw me?" she asked the last question sharply.

Unwillingly Bobby told her.

"Ah" was all Mademoiselle de Bardki answered, and then she went on. "It was Demitri Ivanoff who lured me here. He intended to keep me here until the bombs were well on their way to Russia.

Almost as she uttered these words, the last cord fell about her. She walked quickly towards the boat. As he stepped down to help her into the boat he saw that already the waters were troubled, that already the little craft was straining at its moorings. But what he did not see was that as he dipped his oars and shot the boat out from the square of masonry, a peasant, the same bent man who had watched the chevalier and his party set out and who, in the intervals of pruning the vines had kept an eye on the island, suddenly straightened his aged back, fetched a field-glass from a crack in the wall, swept the lake with it, then laying down his shears, made off up the steep path, and set off for La Severie.

"Keep her head straight!" shouted Bobby, as the

"Keep her head straight!" shouted Bobby, as the storm struck the boat.

It came all in a minute. As suddenly as the lights are turned off on the stage—the sun seemed to snap out and a grayness fell about them. The water as steely as the sky, churned and rolled; the wind howled. Bobby bent his back. There was a pause as if the hurricane stayed to take breath, and then, with a whistle and a shriek, it rushed on them again. Bobby battled, his teeth set, his brow knit. Marsha. sat still and carefully obeyed his directions.



One hand was loose and with it the victim had just managed)

"Are you frightened?" he called once. "Only," she answered, "that we may not be there in time."

in time."

"Marsha," he cried, for love is greater than wind and wave, "if we are in time—when this is over—will you marry me?"

She paused. "Yes—if I am in time." she said slowly, "and you will share my life work with me."

"As you will," he answered, "just so we are together for life."

He shot the boat across a wave, held on to it while

it went down into the waste of swirling water.

Then Marsha, who, during the last ten minutes had looked again and again to La Severie, bent forward. her face white with alarm.

"We are being pursued," she cried in fear.

"What do you mean?" called back Bobby.

"A boat has come out from La Severie. It is rowed

by two men and it is making toward us. No one would venture out in such a storm unless it were something urgent.'
Marsha was rig

Marsha was right. The boat was evidently making towards them, and it was coming along comparatively easy, for protected by the mountains it had not yet experienced the full force of the gale.

"It is out of the water," said Marsha in a strange,

still tone.

"Are you hit?" cried Bobby. But before any answer could come to him, the storm, as if up till now it had been playing with them, suddenly bore down on them with all its violence. A blackness encircled them, the wind howled, the water seemed to rise up to meet the sky. There was no making headway. Bobby and Marsha could but see one another dimly. The sky, the land, the white mountains were all blotted out. The tiny boat was caught, tossed, while a cloud, sulphurous and yet inky black, closed right about them.

about them lived through it, and with that most mighty effort the worst of the storm was over. The wind began to fall, the sky to clear.

One danger passed, Bobby looked about him to face another.

"If I only had a revolver," he began, and then his jaw fell, for as far as the eye could reach, they two—he and Marsha—in the little boat, were the only things affect.

ing affoat.

"I can't see them," he ejaculated.

"He sought Marsha's eyes. She undersood. The hitchess, the trouble of her face, answered him.

Slowly she lifted one hand, making a sign of the

They neither of them spoke. Bobby rowed on. A chime floated out to them, merely borne along by

"You are worn out already," cried Bobby when her had leisure to observe her.
"No," she answered, her lips white as she smiled at him. "I am happy—There is time."



"I wonder, mademoiselle," he went on, "if there is an exception to the rule that women cannot keep a secret?"
"What do you mean?" asked Alice again.

"Mademoiselle," the old man answered with his most benevolent smile, "if you were to see a friend in peril and that friend was a man in danger of being taken in by a designing woman, would you put out your hand to save him?" For the third time Alice Coombes asked the same

What do you mean?" she cried. Then the Chevalier de Portales bent forward and

"Bobby!" gasped Miss Coombes, and she pushed her way through the crowd until she could lay her hand on her cousin's arm, "I am dreadfully upset. I wonder

what I ought to do."

The young man looked down at his cousin, and since she seemed to desire it, drew her out of the glitter of the ball-room into the comparative quiet of a little Turkish smoking-room at the far end of the corridor. "What is it?" he demanded.

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you," Alice gan, "and yet-"
"Out with it!" muttered Bobby, for even his scant

knowledge of women realized that the "and yet" was merely an intimation that encouragement to proceed expected "I don't like to, Bobby," Alice faltered.
"Oh, well then!" he answered, and a movement of shoulders dismissed the subject.

his shoulders dismissed the subject.

"But I think I ought; I am afraid I must," she answered hastily. "Let us go out on to the terrace where no one can hear what I say."

Bobby saw that there was no help for it; he opened the door and led the way into the cool evening air. The cousins paced the length of the concrete strip which extended along the whole front of the ballroom, and which was finished off with a balustrade of stucco mented with a whole pantheon of plaster gods and

woman in the act of replacing a packet of papers in a dispatch box before Mademoiselle de Bardki, startled by the moving aside of the blind, turned and faced

You," she whispered, "you!"
'Yes," he answered. "Come out of this room. "You," she whispered, "you!"
"Yes," he answered. "Come out of this room."
She obeyed him. She turned a white, large-eyed face to the Englishman and waited for him to speak
"Mademoiselle," began Bobby, "your absence from the ballroom has been remarked. You were watched—seen to go through that gate,—to enter that room."
"Then," returned Marsha, as if evidence and espionage were her daily portion, "I must go back at once."
Bobby looked about him.
"But how?" To the right of them were more issue.

"But how?" To the right of them were more iron gates, partitioning other spaces before other private rooms; to the left of them was the ballroom terrace; in front of them the balustrade, and after it came a drop of some twenty feet into the street. "Was it a woman?" the girl asked suddenly. "Yes."

Then," she replied, 'all you have to do is to take her in to supper. While you are there you must make her believe that you went into the chevalier's room and found it empty. I can manage the rest. You will see found it empty. I can manage the rest. You will see me seated at a table near to you almost as soon as you are there. Go now."

Bobby Bellew stood aghast before the mingled sim-

plicity of the plan and the duplicity of the woman, whom, even at this moment, he knew he loved.

"Yes," he said gravely, "I will do that." she cried vehemently, "you will do nothing for me unless-"
"Unless-" he echoed, and sharply he caught his

breath. "-you can trust me until I can explain." He bent and kissed her hand.

The following morning Miss Coombes proceeded with an air of confidence to the room of Mademoiselle de Bardki. Mademoiselle," she began, "my cousin has sent me

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